

## THE DOWN ROW.

There are some people who seem to get the "down row" all the way through life—the rows whose original is the line of corn stalks over which the farmer drives as he goes afield at husking time. On either side of this he and his helper strip the yellow ears from the rows within easy throwing distance of the wagon, which alternately halts and goes ahead a little way. In its wake it leaves a trampled row of learning, broken stalks to which somebody must stoop and laboriously gather a difficult salvage.

Men who were brought up on a farm remember that usually a boy was set at this task—nobody considering that a boy had any feelings worth considering—and they may even personally recall the anguish of soul and body engendered by frozen clods-entangling stalks, mud or snow-encrusted husks and the rasping stubborn ears that would not snap. They remember, too, that insult was added to injury by frequent taunt over not being able to "keep up." Some of them have gone on having the down row fall to their lot in latter and winter fields and have borne its hardships with varying degrees of fortitude. Some of them have been able to shirk the subsequent down row entirely, and have gleaned comfortable and without stooping amid the upright harvest.

Every business, apparently, has its down row which somebody must look after and keep up. Its difficulties vary in kind and degree in the different callings, involving here the constant attention to tedious and petty details of trade and there the reconciling of factions labor with freakish capital by way of a thousand little daily annoyances. Every man grimly believes his own business to have the most down rows to harass and trip and waste and fret, and which he fancies his neighbor in some enviable way avoids.

In the home nobody wants the down row, but somebody must take it, and usually it is the mother, for mothers are made that way. In with her other manifold duties she incorporates its trials and strength and patience, sometimes a sense of duty, sometimes because it is less trouble to put up with their exactions than to avoid them, and sometimes because she would gladly and willingly sacrifice herself to the comfort of her family. A mistaken idea, this last, at times, but who shall convince a mother of that?

A mother's down row begins early in the day, for on her devolves the task of waking first and pressing the button that starts the household machinery and declares the show open for the day; and she it is, usually, who at night covers the fires, locks up the house and puts out the cat. All in between she does a lot of things other people shirk, from gathering up the clothes for the laundry and cleaning the children's rubbers to scalding out the refrigerator and washing greasy kettles and frying pans.

There are a few Uriah Heeps in the world who sit around with an "a caustic of bread is good enough for me" air of self-invited martyrdom, and whose cringing humbleness makes you want to hunt up all the down rows you know of and give them as a present.—Geneva Lane.

### When You Have a Cold.

The first action when you have a cold should be to relieve the lungs. This is best accomplished by the free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. This Remedy liquefies the tough mucus and causes its expulsion from the air cells of the lungs, produces a free excretion, and opens the secretions. A complete cure follows. This remedy will cure a severe cold in less time than any other treatment and it leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. It counteracts any tendency toward pneumonia. For sale by all druggists.

### A National Sentinel.

The Washington Post occupies a position distinctively its own as a National political observer, its watch tower at the seat of government giving it a view of the whole field of politics that is not observed or narrowed by states lines. It is an independent newspaper, with Democratic leanings so far as past personal inclinations and associations go in controlling sentiment but it takes a broad view of public questions and speaks

its mind after a fashion that carries weight.

The Post's editorial on Mr. Bryan's participation in the recent Goebel tear shedding at Frankfort, under the heading "Bryan Cannot Consecrate a Crime," shows a remarkably clear general knowledge of Kentucky political history for half a dozen years that illustrates the point we make, and it seems to be equally at home in the discussion of timely occurrence of other states. The Post is far and away the most ably edited and the broadest newspaper ever published at the National capital, and deserves the high place it has reached in circulation and influence.—Lexington Leader.

### Perfect Confidence.

Where there used to be a feeling of uneasiness and worry in the household when a child showed symptoms of croup, there is now perfect confidence. There is owing to the uniform success of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in the treatment of that disease. Mrs. M. I. Basford, of Poolesville, Md., in speaking of her experience in the use of that remedy says: "I have a world of confidence in Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for I have used it with perfect success. My child Garland is subject to severe attacks of croup and it always gives him prompt relief." For sale by all druggists.

### WHEN MAN IS ENVIED.

When he doesn't have to twist his arms to hook his bodice up the back.

When he can wear his best hat in the rain without getting the curl out of the feathers.

When he gives his hair a neat little slick with a comb and, presto! his coiffure is complete.

When the children cry and he can whistle a tune, get his hat, bang the door and go out.

When he stows things away in his multitudinous pockets and saunters on with unincumbered hands.

When he trips up the street on a rainy day with his trousers jauntily turned up and no skirts to kick.

When he swings easily on and off a moving car without danger of tangling his heels in his petticoats.

When the dinner is spoiled and he chats unconcernedly and all the guests pity him because he is married to an incompetent, fussy, discomposed woman.—Chicago Journal.

### WEAK AND LOW-SPIRITED.

A Correspondent Thus Describes His Experience.

"I can strongly recommend Herbine as a medicine of remarkable efficacy indigestion, loss of appetite, sour taste in the mouth, palpitation, headache, drowsiness after meals with distressing mental depressions and low spirits. Herbine must be a unique preparation for cases such as mine, for a few doses entirely removed my complaints. I wonder at people going on suffering or spending their money on worthless things, when Herbine is procurable, and so cheap." 50c a bottle at J. H. Williams, druggists.

### Beauty's Varieties.

The French say there are several "ages" as well as kinds of beauty—the beauty of mere youthfulness, which they call la beauté du diable; also a beauty of "ugliness," of "old age" and of "thinness," called la beauté du singe. Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, had the beauty of "plainness." She was so very plain of face that her expression of trustfulness, as though appealing to you to find some other qualities in her than mere "looks," shone out with a perfect radiance that ennobled her face and drew friends to her, because she had no other beauty. But Miss Bremer took pleasure in her well kept hands, of which she used to say, "Even hands have their moments of charm."

### Endless Chain of Sickness.

There are upward one million deaths each year in the United States.

In ninety-two cases out of a hundred the people who die are less than sixty-five years old. So it is plain that in the great majority of cases the cause of death is neither old age nor natural wear and tear.

It is found on investigation that one nineteenth of the deaths and practically all of the sickness in the world are due to unsanitary conditions that could be corrected, bad to bad habits that weaken the body and make it less able to resist the disease that comes its way.

But death is not the only evil that results from preventable diseases. Natural death, such as comes from old

age, is perhaps not an evil at all. Such death is painless, and usually comes peacefully, during sleep.

Death must, of course, come soon or later; but the suffering and poverty that are so often caused by unnatural and by preventable diseases, and the despair which so often follows and which so often leads to vice and crime, are as needless evils and are very far-reaching in their effects.

The evils that are due to disease can be escaped just in proportion as the conditions and habits that bring on disease become more widely understood.

The social aspects of disease (that is to say aspects of disease upon others than the sick themselves) should receive wider consideration. If people could be sick for awhile and die, without suffering themselves, and without causing suffering or sorrow or loss to fathers or mothers or children or friends, and without loss to the community, then sickness and death would be far less serious matters. But the person who is sick and dies is not the only victim.

For instance, it is plain that if a wage-earner is kept from his work by sickness or death the ability of his family to support themselves is lessened or destroyed. If increasing poverty follows, more sickness is apt to follow, too; for the chance of sickness increases as the body becomes less well nourished and less well clothed and less well protected from cold and exposure.

There is a sort of "endless chain" system at work here. The sickness of a wage earner father, for instance, brings poverty to his family; poverty lessens the ability of the family to secure the food and coal and clothing that are necessary to health; for where the body is weak and the health poor disease more easily takes hold.

The whole family, perhaps, becomes sickly in consequence of the bad conditions which have caused the father to become sick and unable to support them. In fact, the whole community suffers when the people becomes sick and die; for the people are the community, and disease anywhere effects the health and happiness and welfare of the whole.

Consider also the effect of disease upon the people's habit and morals. We know that poverty too often leads to despair and desperation, and that despair and desperation too often lead to vice and crime.

Many men and women stand the trials of poverty with splendid courage and in the noblest way, but very many have not the moral strength for this, and are "driven to drink" and to every kind of vice and crime and wrongdoing.

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### Squaring Himself.

Stage Carpenter (who has been sent on in an emergency to say a line)—Me lord, the police 'ave discovered your whereabouts and even now approach.

The Bold, Bad Baron—"Is false—false!"

The Stage Carpenter—All right. Then you go and ask the blooming stage manager. He told me.—London Telegraph.

### After the Wedding.

He—It certainly was a pretty wedding, and everything was so nicely arranged.

She—That's just what I think. And the music was especially appropriate.

He—I don't remember. What did they play?

She—"The Last Hope."—Lippincott's Magazine.

### Wild Animals and the Human Voice.

Gordon Cumming was perhaps the first to discover the effect of the human voice upon wild animals. On one occasion he had a lioness in full retreat before him. He called loudly to her, whereupon she squatted like a huge dog and permitted him to approach. In a similar venture he checked the charge of a lioness by yelling at her and continued to do so, while she remained perplexedly sniffing the ground and allowed him to escape.

Spencer Was Butt of Lunatic's Jokes.

To the late Herbert Spencer the minds of lunatics had an odd fascina-

tion. Mr Spencer was a frequent visitor to a number of asylums, and he would never laugh so heartily as when recounting some unconscious witticism of a lunatic.

Sometimes he would tell of the criticism a lunatic woman made on a sermon that was preached in her asylum. This criticism was brief, but it was telling.

"To think," said the woman, pointing toward the clergyman, "to think of him out, and me in."

On another occasion Mr. Spencer and a friend were walking toward an asylum they proposed to visit. Their way led them across a railroad, and seated near the track they saw a young man reading. This young man was a lunatic, but they did not know it at the time.

"My friend," said Mr. Spencer, pausing, "where does this railroad go to?"

The lunatic looked up from his book and gave his interrogator a long stare of scorn. Then he replied:

"It doesn't go anywhere. We keep it here to run trains on."

### Not For Fashion's Sake.

The criminal law of England was formerly marked by indiscriminating severity. Theft of an article valued above 10 shillings was punished with death. In writing about "Sweet Hampstead and Its Associations" Mrs. White records a pleasant thing of Lord Mansfield, who, as a rule, leaned to the side of mercy.

It was Lord Mansfield who directed a jury to find a stolen trinket less in value than 10 shillings in order that the thief might escape capital punishment. To this the juror who prosecuted demurred, asserting that the fashion of the thing had cost him twice that money.

"Gentlemen," replied the judge, with grave solemnity, "we ourselves stand in need of mercy. Let us not hang a man for the fashion's sake!"

### A Cat Story.

A cat owned by the manager of an English restaurant noticed a mouse which had contrived to find its way into a cupboard among a lot of wine-glasses. Evidently the cat saw that to capture the mouse in that retreat would be a somewhat difficult task, so, jumping on the top of the cupboard, from a plate there he gently precipitated a piece of cheese on the floor and waited. For over an hour the cat's eyes were glued on the decoying morsel, and not in vain. At last the mouse could resist the temptation no longer and made a rush for the cheese, when the problem which the cat had seemingly propounded to himself found a solution, and the mouse was caught.

### A Proverb That Failed.

A schoolmaster has concluded that it is not safe to teach proverbs to very young children.

"Now, boys, always remember," said he one day, "that the early bird catches the worm."

Next morning a small boy toed the line with a tear stained face.

"What's the matter, Tommy?" asked the master.

"Please, sir, you said that it was the early bird that got the worm."

"Yes."

"Well, father thrashed me."

"What for, my boy?"

"Cos, sir, I let our canary out early this morning, and it's never come back with the worm."

### He Was Warned.

"They say," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Faddethwaite, who used to belong to our church, has become an agnostic."

"Is that so? Josiah used to take his lunch at the same place he did downtown, and he says he often warned him that he'd get it if he didn't give up eatin' so fast."—Chicago Record-Herald.

### In the Way.

"In our house we follow William Morris' teaching," she said. "We have nothing that is of no use."

"But that always makes a house look so bare."

"I know it. But, then, we have four children."—Syracuse Journal.

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